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Poetry.

For the Mercury.
"FROM A PRISON TO A PALACE."
BY ELLEN.

Now flake on snow flake, as if angel hands
Were showering thy leaves upon the way
On which the boy should pass, and step by step
They lead on, who in his first battle day
Flood him, who by his side, what time the rain
Of iron bullets dived all the ground; the fane,
Where he was wont in Sabbath hours to pray,
Await him, hushing down its multitude
To mournful silence, deep as solitude.

Are only those to greet him? With a proud,
A strange, bright glory, with a crimson glow,
His flag, his country's banner, for whose sake
He left his home, shines out across the snow,
Telling the winds that sit it of the brave
Young heart who loved it to his early grave.
Yet drop thy folds, drop heavily and low,
Sole lighted banner; let thy glory fall
Upon his bier, who won thee for a pall.

By the high strength of suffering. We have heard
Of courage that can face a battery
In the full flush of battle's stern, proud joy;
But day by day to drop and yearningly
Think of his distant home, its memories
Of midnight, freight; and the free wild breeze
Sweeping the foam back in the free, wide sea;
To think of all these things and not regret
The costly sacrifice, is braver yet.

But the south prison could not claim him now,
Gladly his country would have thrown the door
Of all her palaces, her loving homes
Wide open for his footsteps on the floor
And since this might not be, a stronger hand
Than all the armies of the northern land,
Nursed him to his parents' arms once more,
A little while, then for his safe abode
Opened to him the palace of his God.

Lines on Our Country.

We lived in peace, sweet freedom's hand
Poured countless blessings o'er our land.
Our commerce swept from sea to sea,
And nations owed us great and free.

For years we grew in strength and power,
Each mount, each vale, each stream, each bower,
All joined the grand, wide-spreading song,
And swelled their anthems, loud and long.

But ah! how soon the thrilling blast,
A chilling mantle o'er us cast!
How soon has fled the joyous hour,
Which gave our country hope and power!

And now the deep-mouth'd cannon's roar,
Echoes along from shore to shore.
No more in quiet peace we dwell—
Our country's fate, who can foretell.

On Sumner's walls the laden hail,
Proclaimed the fury of the gale,
Which sent, in thunder-bolts of pain,
The war cry rough our country's main.

From thence it sped from North to South—
From East to West the cannon's mouth,
Echoes the strain from traitor's hearts,
To pierce our Union with its darts.

We pray to Thee, most gracious God,
Withdraw Thy kindly chastening rod,
Let peace on freedom's wing descend,
And Union dwell, till time shall end.

Useful Hints.

To wash kid gloves, have ready a little new
milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in
another, and a clean cloth or towel folded three
or four times. On the cloth spread out the
glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel
dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of
soap to the wetted flannel, and commence to rub
the glove downwards towards the fingers, hold-
ing it firmly with the left hand. Continue this
process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy
yellow, though clean; if colored, till it looks
dark and speckled. Lay it to dry; and old gloves
will soon look nearly new. They will be soft,
glossy, smooth, shiny and elastic.

REEF (WITH MARSHED POTATOES).—Mash some
potatoes with hot milk, the yolk of an egg, some
butter and salt. Slice the cold beef and lay it at
the bottom of a pie-dish, adding to it some sliced
onion, pepper, salt, and a little beef gravy;
cover the whole with a thick paste of potatoes,
making the crust to rise in the centre above the
edges of the dish. Score the potato crust with
the point of a knife in squares of equal size. Put
the dish before a fire in a Dutch oven, and brown
on all sides; by the time it is colored, the meat
and potatoes will be sufficiently done.

WARMING COLD SWEET DISHES.—Rice Pud-
ding.—Over the cold rice pudding pour a cus-
tard, and add a few drops of jelly or preserved
fruit. Remember to remove the baked coating of
the pudding before the custard is poured over it.

Apple Tart.—Cut into triangular pieces the re-
mains of a cold apple tart; arrange the pieces
around the sides of a glass or china bowl, and
leave space in the centre for a custard to be
poured in.

PUMPKIN.—Cut into thin round slices cold
pumpkin pudding, and fry them in butter. Fry also
Spanish fritters, and place them high in the
center of the dish, and the fried pudding all around
the heaped-up fritters. Powder all with lump sug-
ar, and serve them with wine sauce in a tureen.

MARBLE may be cleaned by mixing up a quan-
tity of the strongest soap-suds with quicklime, to
the consistency of milk, and laying it on the mar-
ble for twenty-four hours; clean it afterwards
with soap and water.

A Green Paint for Garden-stands may be ob-
tained by mixing a quantity of mineral green and
white lead, ground in turpentine, with a small
portion of turpentine varnish. For the first coat,
for the second put as much varnish in the color
as will produce a good gloss.

GRAINS may be removed from the hands by
washing them in a small quantity of oil of vitrol
and cold water without soap.

On Paintings hung over the mantel-piece are
liable to wrinkles with the heat.

Rosewood Furniture should be rubbed gently
every day with a clean soft cloth to keep it in
order.

In lighting candles always hold the match to
the side of the wick, and not over the top.

Selected Tale.

THE VICTORY.

At a lovely of all American seaboard
cities is Newport, in Rhode Island. Na-
ture has bestowed upon it a delicious
climate, enchanting scenery, and a bay
and harbor uniting the best anchorage
with the crystalline azure of the Mediter-
ranean. Wealth and refinement have
adorned it with princely mansions, and
cottages that a poet might covet, while its
society beyond all question the most cul-
tivated and elegant in the United States.
But fifty years ago, the date of our story,
the place was only a half-forgotten seaport,
living on the memories of these earlier days
when its commerce far exceeded that of
New York; when hundreds of wealthy
Hebrews made it the Venice of the new
world, and sent their teeming argosies to
South America and into the Indian seas.
The British occupation during the Revolu-
tionary war, struck a death blow to the
prosperity of Newport. The rich mer-
chant Jews gathered together their gold
and brilliants, closed their warehouses and
sailed with their ships to other shores.—
Their costly synagogue was shut up, not
to this day re-opened for worship, although
kept in constant and perfect repair by the
bequest of old Abraham Touro. Other
families were impoverished; trade desert-
ed the place for its younger rivals; the
lonely wharves decayed piece meal and
dropped into the brine, and so complete
was the stagnation which brooded over
the scene that it seemed wrapped in the
sleep of a hundred years, like that of the
princess in Tennyson's "Day Dream." But
at last under the guise of fashion came
the awakener:—

"A touch, a kiss, the charm was snatched,"
and the sleeping beauty arose to a lovelier
life than she had ever shone in before.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Miss Mar-
tha Hayes, sweet and twenty, emphasiz-
ing the do with a slight stamp, and a toss
of her pretty head; "what do you mean,
Mr. Bright, by daring to insinuate that I
am not mistress of my own fancy, and that,
because it happens to be a time of war, I
am not still to cherish a kind regard for
friends? That one of them is a British
officer is sure his misfortune and not his
fault. My friendships are not in your
keeping."

"I mean Miss Hayes, (emphasizing the
Miss) precisely what I say, that if you
prefer a British officer, an enemy to your
country, because of his wealth and high
rank, to one who has loved you as long as
I have, you can bestow your hand upon
him; but if so, we may as well come to an
understanding at once."

"Miss Hayes, sir?" replied the irate
beauty, tearing her fan open with despatch
vigor, and proceeding to use the instru-
ment violently, "you are growing formal
indeed. It always used to be Martha."

"Yes, and it always used to be Charles."

"Well, sir, if you cannot carry on a con-
versation without assuming airs and styl-
ing me Miss Hayes, you may consider such
a miss as good as a mile, according to the
adage."

"I shall be more than a mile from you to-
morrow, Martha, and shall indeed miss
you, following suit in your play of words,
but not in the formal sense which affords
you. Come, let's be friends again. You
know that to to-morrow's light I leave
Newport for Lake Erie, under Capt. Perry's
command."

"I should think, indeed that you were
Captain Perry himself, and that I were
one of your crew, you order people about so
said the persistent coquette, determin-
ing to have a slight brush with her lover
for the very pleasure of reconciliation; an
act of quarreling in which most young
beauties are adepts.

"I did not order you, I said that you
were highly improper for a friend, that I
was to me, to permit any attention in
my absence from Lieut. Perry. While he
was here a prisoner on parole waiting for
exchange, I understood he paid open court
to you, and that so far from retiring, as
you ought to have done, you talked to him,
walked with him, rode with him, danced
with him, and actually took him to your
own par in Trinity church."

"And why not, sir, pray? do you sup-
pose that I even I were married to you,
which fortunately I am not, yet, that I
should always shut myself out of agree-
able society? Would you in your absence
have me sit at home in a dark chamber, with
disordered hair, sighing wofully, and con-
stantly contemplating the portrait of the
faithful Charles, after the fashion of the
love-lorn heroines of romance? No, in-
deed; I might prefer a life of single bless-
edness, perhaps, but never to immure my-
self in a nunnery; and Martha laughed
heartily at her lover's vexation.

"I am glad to see this, and yet sorry too,"
said I now perceive that you were never
made to make me happy. I come home
from sea to find my place usurped by
another, and when I complain, you only
laugh at me. Do you wish our engage-
ment broken at once?"

"By all means, sir, if you desire it."

"And you have no shame for your con-
duct in encouraging Lieut. Perry?"

"Not in the least; I consider that you
take an unwarrantable liberty in arraign-
ing my motives, without condescending to
ask for an explanation."

"Well, then, I demand your explana-
tion."

"Oh, no, sir, you are quite too late now;
not upon compulsion, I assure you, any
more than Falstaff would give a reason."

"Before I sailed on my last voyage to the
West Indies did you not tell me you loved
me dearly and loved me only? Did you
not repeat your vows when the war broke
out, and I embarked in the privateer which
has taken so many British vessels?"

"You need not remind me, I remember
well."

"Then why have you changed? What
do you find in Lieut. Perry that is so at-
tractive?"

"Oh, the epaulets, of course, he is of a
noble family and will doubtless be an ad-
miral; and Martha again smiled most
wickedly upon the exasperated sailor."

"Listen to me, Martha Hayes, I give
you up. You are undervaluing my love;
but know that whether I fall for my coun-
try under Perry, or whether I return, your
conduct has ruined my happiness for life.
Oh, that I should hear you say you no
longer love me!"

"And have you heard it sir?"

"Not by word of mouth, but your ac-
tions are far more expressive. Give me
back that ring you wear. I will return your
locket the moment I return home. Give it
to me, I say."

"Do you really mean so?"

"Why not? You wish to be free and
you shall be. Give me the ring."

"Take it, then," and Martha drew it
from her finger. "On whom will you be-
stow it hereafter, Mr. Bright?"

"On no one, heartless woman, unless
convinced that she truly loves me; and
such I never expect to find."

"You may; the world is wide and you
will see many to choose from."

"Never, but when I return you may—"

"May be Mrs. Admiral Perry, at your
service, sir," said Miss Hayes, contem-
plating, and smiling behind her fan.

"Good bye, forever, heartless flirt."

"Good bye, my sweet-tempered Mr.
Bright," and the door closed upon him.

Scarcely was she alone than she burst
into tears. "There, I've done it now, but
he'll come back again to see me once more.
Silly fellow, not to guess that I was only
joking about that odious Perry. I'll send
Phillips for him; no, I'll wait until to-mor-
row morning; he will come back, I know.
Oh, if he hadn't taken the ring I
shouldn't believe he was really angry.—
What a fool I was to give it to him!" and
Miss Martha in a rage with herself, tore
her fan to tatters and tossed the bits on
the floor. Half an hour afterward the door
bell rang. It was answered promptly, and
Phillips the little negro came with a small
package containing the locket.

"Who left this?" asked Martha.

"Mamma Bright, herself."

"And what did he say?"

"Deed, miss, he didn't say n'ning; he
just chucked the bundle at me, and run-
ned away."

"Well, if he doesn't come here again
this evening, you go to his house the first
thing after breakfast to-morrow morning,
and say that I wish to see him."

"Yes, missis."

Martha waited in vain a long, lonely
evening, and passed a wretched night with-
out a wink of sleep. The faithful Phillips
was dispatched at an early hour, but, true
to his word, Charles had sailed in the
schooner for Providence at the dawn of
day, and left no last message for the er-
ring Martha. Then did she indeed shut
herself up in her dim chamber, and weep
over her lover's picture, until her pretty
blue eyes were as red as a ferret's.

When the angry lover had sent back the
locket, and had time for a little cool
reflection, he half repented of his haste,
and wished that he had indeed sought an
explanation in a more gentle manner. He
even made a move to see Martha once
more, but checked himself. "No, I won't
go near her," said he. "She knows that I
am going in the morning, and if she cares
to see me, let her send for me." He went
for his final instructions to his commander,
and received them. "What is the matter
with you, my boy?" said Perry, on part-
ing with him, "you look as black as a squall
to windward. I hope you have not quar-
reled with that pretty sweetheart of yours."

"Yes sir, I have. She is a flirt, a flirt;
our engagement is broken, and I'll never
see her more."

"Nonsense, boy," returned Perry.—
"Chuck her under the chin, and give her a
kiss. She'll meet you half way at that, I
know. What would you care if Martha
Hayes is a little bit of a coquette? I've
known her longer than you have, and I
tell you that a warmer heart never blessed
a sailor; and I believe that she loves you
dearly, too."

"I thought so once, sir, but now—im-
possible."

"Well, Charlie, I can't stop to reason
with an angry man. Be ready with to-
morrow's sun, but don't let it rise on your
wrath. Good night."

Young, brave, ardent, imbued with a
magnetic spirit which fascinated every-
body who came into his presence, never
was one more fitted to lead in a daring
and difficult enterprise, than Oliver Haz-
ard Perry. He was in the very prime of
manhood, a model of chivalrous beauty,
and he had just been married to a lovely
girl, when the pressing need of his country
called all his powers into active play.
A series of defeats and blunders had dis-
graced the American arms, and it was felt
necessary by the government that some
strong and sudden success should re-an-
imate the national courage. An expedition
on the frontier was proposed to Perry, he
entered at once into the spirit of the en-
terprise, and while others at best but doubt-
fully hoped, his prophetic vision beheld a
splendid triumph on the bosom of Lake
Erie. Most of his command he gathered
in Newport and its lovely sea-girt isle.—
Such was his influence over his men, not
merely by thorough discipline, but by in-
fusing into even the rudest of them his
own burning spirit, that long before they
reached the scene of effort, they would
willingly have laid down their lives for
him. In toll, in privation, in a weary
struggle through the dense wilderness that
then covered the shores of the lake, he
ever led, animated and consoled them.

"Take good care of my boy, Capt. Per-
ry," said Charles Bright's aged father, as
he shook the commander by the hand.

"Aye, that I will, my life-long friend,
and we'll send you such cheering news
that Newport shall, for very joy, shake
the merriest peal of bells that ever rang out
from old Trinity steeple."

The prayers and blessings of the whole
community followed the young command-
er, who only wanted opportunity to prove
himself a glorious hero.

With tearful impatience did Martha wait

for news from her lover; the "Mercury,"

the only newspaper in Newport, was pub-
lished but once a week, a Mercury whose
winged cap and heels had been laid aside;
but happily for Martha she had no inkling
of the magnetic telegraph. She gleaned
what she could from every acquaintance,
and kept little black Phillips busy in mak-
ing inquiries, *sub rosa*, of Mr. Bright's ser-
vant. One afternoon, she heard rumors of
a British man-of-war fender having come
into the harbor, bearing a flag of truce.—
She looked from the window upon the bay,
and saw the little vessel, and as she did
so beheld a boat put off from her and pull
toward the shore. An officer was in the
stern sheets, and though at too great a
distance to recognize his features, she
thought he resembled the lieutenant who
had caused the separation and anger of her
lover. She was not long in doubt; he
bore a dispatch from his admiralty to the
authorities of Newport, regarding an ex-
change of seamen, and pending the delib-
erations of the worthy fathers he hastened
to Martha's door. He was at once admit-
ted to the presence of the beauty, who re-
ceived him with stately composure.

"You are fortunate, Lieut. Perry, in visit-
ing Newport again this season. I hard-
ly thought to see you; September has
almost gone. You must have sailed fast
to run by our forts; or are our batteries
only of spiked cannon?"

"They are doubtless serviceable, but I
came with dispatches and under a flag of
truce."

"Ah, how much more powerful you
British officers find flags of truce than your
own ensigns."

"Spare your sarcasms, my fair friend.
Beside, although your cause has been at
times successful at sea, ours has had great
advantage by land."

"Yes, your gallant Admiral Cochrane
has very lately, and indeed for a long time
past, been untrifling in firing bars, and rob-
bing all the hen roosts on the shores of the
Chesapeake."

He may, perhaps, in his zeal, have ex-
ceeded orders, but his daring cannot be
impugned," said Perry, who, while he en-
dorsed to sustain his national valor, felt
his cheek tingle with shame at the roflant
acts of the blackguard Cochrane.

Perry continued, turning the subject of
conversation. "We shall soon have a
triumph in another quarter, we shall be
victorious on the water, though not on the
sea. We shall have glorious news from
Lake Erie."

"Indeed we shall, Mr. Perry, but such
news as you would not wish repeated."

"For the sake of my country I wish suc-
cess to the English flotilla, but for my
sweet sake."

"Stop, Mr. Perry; you cannot wish ill
to the British fleet under any circumstances
and keep your loyalty, while your compli-
ments to me are thrown away. Have you
any news from Erie which you can impart
to me? It will be held sacred under your
flag of truce."

"Only that the British commander was
well prepared to meet the American."

"He will need to be, indeed, when he
encounters Perry."

"You have a former friend in that expe-
dition, I believe, Miss Hayes."

"You surprise me, sir, by your knowl-
edge, but I will not disguise the truth; an
old friend, and a friend still."

"Not a friend still, if report says true."

"Report often belies fact."

"Not in this instance. Pardon me if I
speak too boldly, but I have heard how
that boy parted from you. Surely one
with such treat you is not worthy of your
kind. Was not this engagement light-
ly made and lightly broken?"

"Lightly broken, indeed, but greatly by
my own fault."

"Oh, I cannot believe it; let me, my
dearest Miss Hayes, enlighten Martha,
again urge my suit, and offer you as true
and honorable love as ever man bestowed."

"Never, Mr. Perry. I thank you, for I
always liked you as a friend, but I cannot
accept more from you than a friend may
profess."

"But I can wait, hope."

"This vain; my hand is free now, but it
can never be yours; and to be frank with
you, I blame myself greatly that while it
was not, I suffered you to become as in-
imate with me as you were. Your grace
and culture pleased me, for such are rare
in this desert town; but you know how
utterly astonished I was when you confessed
your real sentiments. Until that in-
stant I had supposed you, like myself, be-
trothed, and to the one you so often men-
tioned, the Lady Adela Harcourt."

"Never; the Lady Adela is not one
though lovely, to win my heart; but do
you still tell me that you are apparent-
ly interested in the one you so often men-
tioned, the Lady Adela Harcourt?"

"More than that, Mr. Perry, oh much
more. I very soon appreciated your kind
heart and noble character."

"And yet, peerless woman, whose sweet
sincerity so fascinates me, you cannot
love me! Let me not despair!"

"Of me indeed you need not hope, but
no man of strong sense despairs because he
cannot win the first woman he loves.—
You showed to me once the miniature of
Lady Adela, which, in sport, she lent you.
A more enchanting picture I never beheld,
and I read in her countenance those very
traits which would be sure to harmonize
with your own. You are of noble blood,
too, and must seek alliance with the high
born."

"Your birth, sweet Martha, is illustri-
ous enough for me. Be mine. I am heir
to an earldom, and broad domains and
stately mansions are yours; and I would
should I be to display you, this island's
gem, and to see you of right sparkle at the
court of St. James."

"No, Mr. Perry, it cannot be. Were
you the very head of that illustrious fam-
ily to which you belong, Northumberland
himself, I would not be a day's bride."

"Then I indeed may abandon hope, but
stay; this unhappy war produces hatred
between two nations which should be
friends. It cannot last very long, and
when peace is declared the natural feeling
which you now have toward an English-
man will die away."

"That feeling of enmity never entered

into my thoughts, as far as you are con-

cerned. My will is unalterable, and it is
useless to urge me further."

"Once more, dearest Martha, listen.—
While this strife lasts, I cannot with honor
abandon the service of my king, but when
it is ended I promise to resign my com-
mission, and even to leave England, if you
will share a home with me here."

"You cannot, you must not do so," said
Martha, wiping away the tears that rained
down her cheeks. "This prolonged inter-
view can only be painful to you; spare
my feelings, and leave me."

"Adorable woman," said Perry, seizing
her hand fervently. "I go, but can never
forget you."

"I would not wish you to forget me en-
tirely. I will not be silly enough to say,
do so and be happy. It would pain me if
you did not believe that I shall kindly re-
member you."

"I will bid you a long farewell, then,
sweet Martha," said Perry with faltering
voice; "but will you not give me some
little token to name you by, and to cherish
for my lifetime?"

"Yes, my dear friend. I will give you
this, on one condition," and Martha drew
from her arm an antique bracelet of heavy
gold, and of rare Venetian workmanship.
"This bracelet," she continued, "formerly
belonged to one of the wealthy Hebrews
who lived in Newport. He always said
that it had been an heirloom in the illus-
trious family of Contarini. The tradition is
that it has never been sold, that it must
be freely bestowed, that if an attempt is
made to sell it, it will disappear; but, as a
recompense, it confers happiness on the
giver. See, the motto within it, 'Chi la
dara la vince,' he who endures, conquers.
That motto is worthy of the Percies, and
I am happy to give the amulet to you."

"And the condition, dear Martha?"

"That you will bestow it on the Lady
Adela."

"But I shall never marry her."

"I will try to time, which works won-
ders, and now, farewell."

Perry again clasped her hand and kiss-
ed it passionately. In silent anguish he
passed from her presence and she saw him
no more.

.....

"Charles," said Capt. Perry to Bright
one morning. "Charles, what news do you
receive from Newport? You can speak to
me as your friend, and not as your com-
mander."

"None, sir, except that my father is
well."

"And your pretty sweetheart?"

"I hear and know nothing of her."

"Listen to this, then, and write at once,
asking her to pardon my silly haste," and
the commodore read aloud to him a para-
graph from one of his home letters.—
"Martha Hayes goes nowhere, and shuns soci-
ety. It is a pity her match was broken off;
she doubtless loves Charles Bright, and
there is every reason to believe that she
again refused the hand of Lieut. Perry,
who came in yesterday with a flag of truce."
Now, boy, do your duty," added Perry;
write to her at once. We shall meet
enough within a day or two, and then it
may be too late."

Joyfully indeed did Charles comply with
Perry's advice, and then was ready, as was
every other man in that little squadron.
So intense had been their labors that only
six weeks had elapsed since they heaved
down the forest trees to build their vessels,
and now they were prepared for action.—
The fierce and bloody night of the 10th of
September, 1813, is perhaps the most tri-
umphant in American annals. Bravely
did the young sailor serve his gun through
the long and awful carnage of that day;
he saw his beloved commander's vessel
riddled with balls and rendered useless,
and then beheld the godlike hero, leaning
in his hands her ensign, steer in his boat
through the fleet, standing erect while can-
non shot flew round him like hail. He
watched him ascend the vessel in which
he fought; with his comrades he cheered
his coming, and hailed his flag again float-
ing to the breeze as the harbinger of victory.
What bulletin of Napoleon's ever
stirred triumphant joy in millions, as did
Perry's brief words? We have met
the enemy and they are ours! From breast
to breast the brave news flew, the mag-
netic telegraph a nation's heart.

Victory! shouted the messengers at
Newport, and the church bells indeed rang
out a peal of triumph. With the first de-
tail of the fight, came a letter to Martha
from her lover, assuring her of his safety
and of his promised return with the com-
modore. She had only therefore to wait
his coming and be happy, while the town
prepared to give her a fitting reception.
From Providence he was to sail in a pack-
et, and it was arranged that signal guns
should herald his arrival. It was Sunday
afternoon, and the boom of cannon broke
the sleepy silence of the town. Almost its
entire population hurried to the wharves,
where they beheld the schooner which
bore their idol coming rapidly down the
bay. The landing of Perry created the
wildest enthusiasm; he was borne aloft
upon the heads of the people to his own
door, and was so overcome by emotion
that he could only wave to his worshippers
his speechless thanks.

Martha, weeping with joy, beheld him
pass, and then hurried to her home. She
heard a familiar step, threw open the door,
and clasped her happy lover. "Have you
forgotten me, dearest?" he asked.

"Oh, long since; it was all my fault,"
and then came the silent confirmation,
sweeter than words.

"So Charles, it seems that you too
have met the enemy," said the hero with a
roguish smile when he saw the two lovers
a few days afterward.

"Yes," said Bright, drawing Martha's
arm closer within his own, "and she is ours."

One more time afterward, when peace had
been declared, Commodore Perry gave
the bride away. "Ha, what have we here,
Charles?" he said, as he examined the wed-
ding presents, and admired a magnificent
piece of silver plate. It bore an inscrip-
tion: "Grati unde et memory—To Mar-
tha Hayes Bright, the gift of Captain Gren-
ville and Lady Adela Percy."

O. T.

Newport in the Hands of the British.

A DIARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

1778.

July 20. Two regiments of troops
went on Conanicut and encamped. The
Forts on Breton's Point and Goat Island
are rebuilding with the greatest expedi-
tion, likewise one on Rose Island and Co-
nanicut. In consequence of the French
Fleet arriving at New York, all the pro-
visions in the King's stores were remov-
ing from the wharves to the ropewalk at
the back of the town.

22. Sailed the Snow Brig and 2 Frig-
ates with 10 sail of Transports for New
York, said to fetch troops.

23. All the transports and victualers
came into the harbor, to close moorings.

24. Messrs. Robert Lillibridge, Billings
Coggeshall, Latham Thurston and Wil-
liam Thurston were released from the Pro-
vost. This morning Gen. Prescott took
command of the Island in the room of
Gen. Pigott, who is about to embark for
England.

26. Arrived the Falkland Frigate from
Long Island with dispatches for the Gen.
They inform that the French fleet had
sailed from Sandy Hook, that one 84 gun
had been aground and burned by an En-
glish Frigate.

29. This morning the signal from the
ward house was 'a fleet appears in sight.'
At 11 o'clock the town is alarmed, it proves
to be a French fleet. 5 o'clock the Asso-
ciators all in arms on the parade. The
town errier warns the inhabitants to join
them, the frigates hauled in under the
North battery. The town appears in the
greatest confusion. The anchor at anchor
of the reef. The troops on Conanicut
have just passed ferries to this island, say-
ing only a few in a battery on Watch Hill.
The fleet continues at anchor.

Six o'clock morning. A ship of the line
passed through the Narragansett passage;
the fort on Conanicut fired at her, which
she returned and obliged them to quit the
works and leave the island to the Provin-
cials. At 12 o'clock 2 large ships and 1
Frigate went in at Conanicut Passage.—
The Kingfisher with two galleys, at their
appearance were set fire to and left. Great
preparations are making to oppose the
fleet, the 64th regiment have manned the
North Battery and fort on Goat Island.—
The regiment Anspach, all the frigates,
transports, &c., are sending their guns,
provisions, &c., in order to embark.

31. Early this morning, the fleet weighed
and stood to sea, which revives the spirit
of the people. The town remains still in
confusion. Reported that the inhabitants
were plundered without distinction on Co-
nanicut. At 1 o'clock the fleet anchored
on the same ground they were before.

August 1. The fleet continue to block
up the harbor. The General orders the
night watch to be discharged till further
orders.

2. All the live stock are brought in from
Portsmouth and Middletown, likewise all
carriages, carts, wheelbarrows, shovels,
pickaxes, &c., are taken from the inhabi-
tants. All the prisoners that were brought
from the prison ships and sent to Port-
smouth at the appearance of the French
fleet, were this morning brought to town
and put in the Provost. The sick men
were brought in carts.

3. This morning a Pilot boat arrived
from New York with dispatches. She ran
by the French fleet in the fog. She in-
forms that two ships of Admiral Byron's
fleet, had arrived at York of 74 guns.—
Part of 4th regiment marched into the
neck, to work on Redoubts on the South
part of the island, on the heights at the
South end of the town, on the East side of
the highway leading into the Neck. All
the axes, saws, &c., belonging to the in-
habitants, are ordered to be delivered up
immediately. A number of trees were cut
down at Portsmouth and Middletown and
put in the road to obstruct the Provincials
march. Six ships were sunk from the
North end of Goat Island, to the town to
obstruct the entrance to the harbor. Three
others were in readiness to obstruct the
South entrance. The garrison on this is-
land at present is said to consist of 7,200
soldiers, and 1,500 sailors excluding mar-
ines.

4. Ten French ships is said to have been
in the river this afternoon. An attack is
expected every hour.

5. Four transports are sunk this morn-
ing on the west side of Goat Island, at the
south entrance of the harbor. This morn-
ing, at the appearance of a French ship in
the river, 4 frigates, the Orpheus, Lark,
Juno, and Cerberus, attempting to beat
down into the harbor, but not effecting it,
set fire to them and were blown up near
Coddington's Cove, and two transports
that lay at anchor were likewise burnt.—
Reported that a galley came down the
river and fired at a fort at Coddington's
Cove, manned with sailors who deserted
the fort and spiked up the guns.

6. The sailors belonging to the ships
that are burnt and sunk are encamped with-
out the lines. The army continues to lay
waste the island, cutting down orchards
and laying open fields, and numbers of in-
habitants without the lines are ordered
to move from their houses that they may
be taken down.

Job Printing

In its various branches, executed
with despatch.
P. A. PRATT... W. M. MESSER.

CONSTITUTION OF THE WAR.

Speech of Hon. William P. Sheffield, of Rhode
Island, in the House of Representatives, Janu-
ary 27, 1862.

The House being in the Committee of the
Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Sheffield
said:

Mr. Chairman.—All of us believe that the put-
ting down of rebellion is the highest political
and a very high moral, duty. All of us desire
to accomplish that object more than any other ear-
ly object. That we should differ as to the means
which we are to employ in the accomplishment of
this purpose, is not at all surprising; but I must
confess that I have been some time with regard
to the means which some gentlemen upon the floor
express their willingness to invoke in the attain-
ment of this end. I am somewhat surprised at
the views presented by the gentleman who has
just taken the floor, (Mr. Hildie), I was surprised
the other day at the views which were presented
by the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Ste-
vens), the Chairman of the Committee of Ways
and Means. I understood him to enounce what
seemed to me to be a revolutionary doctrine,
that this House has power, by a simple resolu-
tion, to emancipate all the slaves that are held
under the laws of the several States. After hear-
ing that announcement, I was not at all surprised
to hear the gentleman from Pennsylvania, who
expressed Congress even had the power to de-
clare, and it might be their duty to declare, a dis-
cussion to control this government.

I was somewhat surprised, too, when I first
heard the views presented to the House by the
gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Bingham), when he
said that it was in the power of Congress, by a
simple legislative enactment, to emancipate the
slaves of all rebels in arms against the govern-
ment. From these views, I need scarcely say that
I entirely dissent, and that the emancipation of
my position. This is a revolutionary doctrine,
and I know that these gentlemen have long
enjoyed a national reputation; but, sir, I
have been accustomed, in laying down rules for
the government of my own actions, to form my
own opinions, to be guided by the principles of
justice, and to follow those opinions and those con-
clusions to their legitimate result. But it is only
when I reflect that these distinguished gentlemen
disagree with one another, that I take heart and
venture to throw myself upon the indulgence of
the House when I express some views which are
entirely at variance with the views of these gen-
tlemen, and to the subject of the power of Congress
to confiscate property.

Our Constitution has been presented to the
people in two lights. Two views of it have been
taken. One is, it is understood, that the Con-
stitution is an extreme central power; that it
is superior, no matter where it acts or upon
what it acts, to all other constitutions and all
other legislatures in this country. Another view
is, that it limits the power of Congress to de-
clare, and to follow those opinions and those con-
clusions to their legitimate result. But it is only
when I reflect that these distinguished gentlemen
disagree with one another, that I take heart and
venture to throw myself upon the indulgence of
the House when I express some views which are
entirely at variance with the views of these gen-
tlemen, and to the subject of the power of Congress
to confiscate property.

With this general confession of faith, let us
open the Constitution and look into it for a mo-
ment, to see what it says, and what powers it
confers upon Congress to legislate with reference
to the confiscation of property.

The Constitution defines the crime of treason
to be the levying of war against the United States
or adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and
comfort. It limits the power of Congress to pun-
ish that offense, if the punishment includes for-
feiture of estate, to forfeitures for the life of the
offender, and therefore no forfeiture can endure
beyond the life of the offender.

There is another provision, to which I wish to
call the attention of the House.

And yet there is another clause:

"No man shall be deprived of his property ex-
cept by due process of law."

With these propositions before us, legal defini-
tions become of some importance. "Attainder,"
I understand to mean a consequence upon the
conviction of crime, which corrupts the blood and
forfeits the property of the person attained. The
crime of treason, as defined in the Constitution,
is a crime which, if committed, becomes a crime
and

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MISCELLANEOUS.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PRO-
VIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

ABUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Providence, December 25th, 1861.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 107.

The following communication from the Hon-
orable Secretary of War of the United States, author-

the organization of a Regiment of Infantry service within this State, is promulgated as follows in this order:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
October 23, 1861.

Governor—The State of Rhode Island is hereby authorized to organize one Regiment of Infantry for its own defense and as a depot for recruiting her citizens now in the service of the United States.

The force thus raised will be mustered into the service of the United States for three years' service, unless sooner discharged by the Government; will be armed and equipped the same as the Army of the United States, and will be under the command of a General or of a Colonel, or of such other officers as he may appoint and commission in accordance with the laws authorizing the enrollment and equipment of volunteers.

In case of necessity, this force is to be used in the United States, under the officers as above.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.
 To His Excellency Governor WILLIAM SPRAGUE
 Providence, R. I.

The Regiment authorized by the foregoing communication, will be organized as follows:

- One Colonel,
- One Lieutenant Colonel,
- One Major,
- One Adjutant,
- One Regimental Quartermaster,
- One Surgeon,
- One Assistant Surgeon,
- One Chaplain,
- One Ordnance Sergeant,
- One Sergeant Major,
- One Quartermaster Sergeant,
- One Commissary Sergeant,

One Hospital Steward,
One Assistant Surgeon,
And ten Companies of eighty-three men each.
The formation of the Companies will be as follows:

- One Captain,
- One First Lieutenant,
- One Second Lieutenant,
- One First Sergeant,
- Four Sergeants,
- Eight Corporals,
- Two Musicians,
- One wagoner,
- Sixty-four Privates.

To permit each section of the State to be represented in the Regiment now called for, the following apportionment is made, and the Commander-in-Chief entertains the hope of a patriotic emulation among the several Corps of National Guards in the State, with the view to an early completion of the Company Rolls in their respective localities, believing that the State can produce

ply and safely look to this recent organization to its full share of the labor now developing up, and for a generous contribution of men to help them.

Ayeret County—Two Companies, with headquarters in Newport.

Bristol County—One Company, with headquarters in Bristol.

City of Providence—Two Companies, with headquarters in Providence.

Cumberland, Barreille and Worcester—One Company, with headquarters in Woonsocket.

Cranston, Johnston, Scituate and Foster—One Company, with headquarters in Johnston.

North Providence and Smithfield—One Company, with headquarters in Pawtucket.

Kent County—One Company, with headquarters in East Greenwich.

Washington County—One Company, with headquarters in Wickford.

Recruiting and other officers for these Companies are:

sons for commissions will be made direct to the Adjutant General of the Rhode Island Militia and will receive consideration of the Commander-in-Chief.

Rebaisments for this Regiment will be for three years, the former discharged by the Government; and the Regiment will perform service only within the State, and for its defense, unless by special order from the War Department, on the occurrence of events not now foreseen. The Regiment when organized will constitute a department of the Militia of the State, and persons enlisted now in the Federal service; and persons enlisted in these Regiments will be subject to the regulations, and entitled to the privileges of the Home Regiment while remaining in the State.

The Commander-in-Chief relies upon the patriotism of the citizens in response to the call that is now made upon them. The delicate relations of our National Government with some of the powers of Europe

hope, and the apparent probability of complications and difficulties growing out of a blockade of the Southern ports, added to the serious aspect of affairs, directly resulting from a rebellion of immense magnitude within our own nation's jurisdiction, and viewed in connection with the exposed condition of our own seaboard towns, call earnestly upon our people for immediate and energetic action. Not only is it desirable to complete the organization of the Regulars, but we are authorized, without unnecessary delay, but also that we at once take measures to send to the Regiments already in the field, the number of men necessary to fill their ranks to the legal requirements.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
EDWARD C. MAURAN,
Jan 4—6w Adjutant General.

DESERTERS.

MISSOURIANS IN THE ARMY OF THE U. S. A.

Camp Brightwood, Dec. 28, 1861.

C. O. A. George Sprague, Natick, R. I.
Co. P. Charles A. Crapon, Washington street,
Providence, R. I.

Co. B. Alfred Arnold, Blackstone, Mass.
Henry H. Mead, Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. Co. E. John B. Hodgman, South Kingstown,
R. I.
John Northup, North Kingstown, R. I.
Isaac W. Godfrey, Scituate, R. I.
Wm E. Smith, (2d time), Peace Dale, R. I.
Jeremiah K. Hathbone, Rocky Brook, R. I.
Thomas A. Ryan, Westerly, R. I.
John A. Ward, Westerly, R. I.
John H. Holland, Peace Dale, R. I.
Joseph Pilkington, Phenix, Warwick, R. I.
John P. Whaley, Peace Dale, R. I.
Patrick J. Murphy, Olneyville, R. I.
Russell Fox, Dorrville, R. I.
Geo. W. Clarke, South Pier, South King-
stown, R. I.

Co. F. David Hay, Pawtucket, R. I.

Co. G, Luther Reynolds, Portsmouth, R. I.
Co. I, Leander S Tucker, Seabate, R. I.
 " Albert Tubbs, Worcester, Mass., or Salisbury, R. I.
 " John L. Haswell, Fairhaven, near New Bedford, Mass.
 " Elton E. Engby, near Uxbridge, Mass.
Co. K, Samuel Thompson, Newport, R. I.
 " John Devlin, Albion, R. I.
 " Edward Greenman, Providence, R. I.
The above names were given by the Rhode Island Volunteers, having deserted and disgracefully abandoned the service of their country; the names and supposed localities are herewith published.

Anyone will confer a favor upon the regiment by sending and turning over to Lieut. John H. Duffy, recruiting officer, at Providence, any one of those deserters herein named, that they may be brought before a court martial and punished as speedily as their offence deserves.

Rhode Island papers will all please copy.
By order of
FRANK WHEATON,
Colonel Commanding, 2d regiment R. I. Y.
SAM'L J. SMITH, Lieut. and Adj.
*Jan 4-65.

STEAMER PERRY.

1861 FALL ARRANGEMENT 1861
Newport and Providence.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY
September 30th, 1861, the steamer
PERRY, Capt. S. B. ALLEN, will make tri-
ple a day, leaving Newport daily, (Sundays ex-
cepted) at 8 A. M., for Providence, connect-
ing with day trains for Boston, Worcester,
&c. Returning will leave Providence for Newport
at 2 P. M.
Fare 75 cents each way. Children over
four years and under twelve years of age, half price.

Sept 11 O. L. STANHOPE, Clerk.